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[From the Independent, Oct. 11.]

GARIBOLDI.

BY ELIZABETH BROWNING.

I.

He bent his head upon his breast
Wherein his lion-heart lay sick;
"Perhaps we are not ill-repaired—
Perhaps this is not a true test;
Perhaps that was not a foul trick;
Perhaps none wronged, and none betrayed.

II.

"Perhaps the people's note which here
United, there discriminated;
And both be lawful as they think.
Perhaps a patriot statesman, dear
For chartering nations, can with right
Disfranchise those who hold the ink.

III.

"Perhaps men's wisdom is not craft;
Men's ambition is not a noble cause;
Men's justice not the other side;
Perhaps even women when they laughed,
Wept, thanked us that the land was freed,
Not wholly (though they kissed us) free."

IV.

"Perhaps more than this was meant,
When up at Austria's guns we flew
And down at France's with a vengeance;
Italy!—Yet a time was past—
The little house my father knew,
The olives and the palms of Nice."

V.

He paused, and drew his sword out slow,
Then leaped upon the blade intent
To strike it through; and then wrote this:
"While man remains, he will go on;
In that describing sentiment,
And break his sword before the King."

VI.

He pored still upon the blade
His large lid quivered, something fell—
"Brunnel!" he said, "I was not born
With such fine brains to treat and train,
And if a woman knew it well
Her falsehood only meant her scorn."

VII.

"Yet through Varen's cannon-smoke
My eye saw clear: men feared this man
At once, where this round could deal
Despair to every soul.
And now—on the drop there, scarcely can
Impair the keenness of the steel."

VIII.

"No man and sword may have their use:
And if the soul beneath my foot
In valor's act is forfeited,
I'll strike the harder, take my dues
Out nobler, and the less confine
From ampler heavens above my head."

IX.

"My King, King Victor, I am thine!
So much vice-dust as what I am
(To make out Italy) must cleave.
Forget that!—Forward with a sign
Paterno's taken, we believe."

[For The New York Saturday Press.]

A TREATISE UPON
THE LIFE OF ELEGANCE.

Translated, by EDWARD HOWLAND, from the French of
HONORÉ DE BALZAC.

PART THE FIRST.—GENERALITIES.

CHAPTER III.

PLAN OF THIS TREATISE.

I came from Pierrefonds, where I had gone to see my uncle: he is rich, has horses—only he does not know what a tiger is, or a grouch, or a britches, and still rides in an old-fashioned gig.

"What?" suddenly cried our honorable friend L. N., placing his pipe in the arms of a Venus with the Torsoe which decorated his mantelpiece—"What? If the question is about man in the mass, there is the code of international law; if about a single nation, there is its political code; if about our disputes, there is the common law; if about our liberty, there is the constitution; if about our wrong-doings, there is the penal code; if about our industry, there is the commercial code; if about the country, there is the agricultural code; if about soldiers, there is the military code; if about negroes, there is the black code; if about words, there is the fons code; if about our armed cock-shells, there is the martial code. In fact, we have made formulae for everything, from court-martializing and the quantity of tears which we should shed for a king, an uncle, a cousin,—down to the life and gait of a cavalry-horse."

"Well, why not?" said E. de G.—to him, not noting that our honorable friend stopped only to catch breath.

"Well," he replied, "when these absurd codes were made, I do not know what contingencies (the moment to say epidemic) attacked the writers, and we have been overwhelmed with codes. Politeness, goodmannism, the theatre, honest people, women, indentity, the colonies, the administration, each has had its code. Then the doctrine of fiscal science ruled this mass of works, by teaching that codification (see the Organ) was a special science. Perhaps the competitor was deceived, and did not read correctly codification, from code, tell. But what matters it!"

"I ask you," he added, stopping one of his horses, and taking him by the button, "is it not a general rule that the life of elegance has not found favor among all this world of writers and thinkers? The handbooks, even those about the country, the municipality, and the town, are they not stupid in comparison, with a foolish upon foolish? Is not the publication of the principles which render life poetic of great utility? If in the country the majority of our farms, estates, houses, cottages, country-yards, etc., are genuine dog-houses? If animals, and particularly

houses, receive in France a treatment unworthy of a Christian people? If the science of the comfortable, if the matches for smokers, if Lamare's cologne, if cheap carpets, are unknown at sixty miles from Paris, it is certain that this general want of the most common inventions of modern science, comes from the ignorance in which we allow people of small fortunes to grope! Elegance is connected with everything. It tends to render a nation less poor, by inspiring it with the desire for luxury, for certainly this is a great axiom:

X.

The fortune we gain is in proportion to the desire we create in ourselves.

It gives—we are still speaking of elegance—a more picturesque appearance to a country, and percents to agriculture; since upon the attention devoted to the food and cover of animals depends the beauty of men and their increase. Go and see the holes in which the Bevons keep their cows, their sheep, and their children, and you will confess that of all the books which should be written, a treatise upon elegance is the most philanthropic and natural. If our minister has left his handkerchief and his snuff-box upon Louis XVIII's table, if the mirror in which a young exquisite shaved in the house of some old country fellow, gave him the appearance of a man about to die of apoplexy, and if finally your uncle still rides in a gig, it is assuredly from want of a classic work upon fashion."

Our honorable friend spoke long, and with that facility of elocution which the caviles call gazing; then he concluded by saying "Elegance dramatizes life."

This sentence caused a general hurry. The sagacious E. de G.—proved that the drama could not long withstand the uniformity impressed by elegance upon the manners of a country, and comparing England and Spain, he demonstrated his thesis, and enriched his argument with the local colors which the customs of the two countries furnished him. Finally he ended thus:

"It is easy, gentlemen, to explain this break in science. Why! what man, young or old, would be bold enough to call down upon his head so overwhelming a responsibility? In order to undertake a treatise upon the life of elegance, it would be necessary to possess an unimaginable and fanatical amount of vanity. Since it would be wishing to rule the elegant persons of Paris, who themselves strive, attempt, and do not always arrive at grace."

Brunnel frowned slightly. We foreseen that he was about to raise that prophetic voice, to which a short time before a nation of rich men listened with marked obedience.

"The axiom is true," he said, "and I approve a part of the deductions of the honorable speaker before me, but I strongly disapprove of thus removing the barrier which separates the life of elegance from the life of vulgarity, and of opening the gates of the temple to an entire people."

"No!" cried Brunnel, striking his fist upon the table, "no, all legs are not thus equally destined to wear boots or pantaloons—no, my lords. Are there no crippled persons who are deformed, or forever ignoble? And is not this an axiom, this sentence we pronounce in the course of our lives a thousand times—

XI.

In order to lead a life of elegance, it is necessary to have studied even its rhetoric.

XII.

Retailers, business people, and all professors of the humanities, are outside of the life of elegance.

XIII.

It would be difficult for us to express the feeling we experienced when we saw this prince of fashion: it was at once a mixture of respect and joy. How avoid compressing the lips, at the first sight of the man who had invented the philosophy of furniture, and waistcoats, and who should bequeath to us axioms upon pantaloons, upon grace and harness?

And how also being filled with admiration for the most intimate friend of George IV., for the man of fashion who had imposed his laws upon England, and given to the Prince of Wales that taste for the toilette and confectionaries which caused so much advancement to the officers who were well dressed!† Would it not be a living proof of the influence exercised by fashion? But when we reflected that Brunnel at that moment was leading a life full of bitterness, and that Bologna was his rock of Saint Helena, all our feelings were lost in a sentiment of respectful enthusiasm.

We saw him just as he rose. His dressing gown showed signs of his misfortunes, but even while conforming to them, it harmonized admirably with the accessories of his apartment. Brunnel, old and poor, was still Brunnel; only a portliness equal to that of George IV. had marred the happy configuration of his body. But when we reflected that Brunnel at that moment was leading a life full of bitterness, and that Bologna was his rock of Saint Helena, all our feelings were lost in a sentiment of respectful enthusiasm.

"Enough!" cried Brunnel. "If we add a single apothem, we will be entering into the teaching of original principles, which should be the object of the end and part of the treatise."

Then he delved to mark himself the limits of the science by thus dividing our work.

"If," he said, "you will examine with care, all the material translations of thought from which the life of elegance is composed, you will doubtless be struck, as I was, with the more or less intimate connection which exists between certain things and our person. For instance, speech, gait, manner, are acts which proceed directly from the man, and which are entirely subject to the laws of elegance. The table, person, house, carriage, furniture, the keeping of a house, are derived, so speak, only mediately from the individual.

Although these accessories of existence carry equally the impress of the elegance which we shun upon everything which proceeds from us, we soon in some way remove from the influence of thought, and should occupy only the second rank in this vast theory of elegance. It is not natural to reflect the great thought which moves our age, in a work destined perhaps to rest upon the manners of those ignorant of fashion! Let us agree then here, that all the principles which attach themselves immediately to intelligence should have the first place in the distribution of this aristocratic encyclopedie.

"And yet, gentlemen," added Brunnel, "there lies fact which rules all the others. A man deserves before being called to fashion the air, the conversation, etc., are never anything but the consequence of our toilette. Men, that admirable observer, has proclaimed in the whitest way, that the best of a man who is shaved are not those of a man with a natural beard. We all of us undergo the influence of custom. The artist, in full toilette, no longer writes. Clothing in a passing dress, or striped for a half—a woman is very different—you would say she is two women!"

Brunnel sighed.

"Our manners in the morning are no longer those of the evening. In fact, George IV., whom friendship has so greatly honored us, most certainly thought himself a greater man upon the morning of his coronation than he did next day. The toilette is therefore the greatest meditation experienced by the human mind, it rests upon his entire existence."

"Here that I write, logic is preparing to put this arrangement of your words."

"After having dictated in your usual pen, the general laws of the life of elegance, you should immediately turn the part to the things which proceed immediately from the individual, and should place the

XIV.

These digressions are applied to ourselves.

XV.

The question concerning which we occupied ourselves was a vital question for our enterprise.

It was, in effect, whether if the author of the life of elegance received from a man or his happy companion of great utility? If in the country the majority of our farms, estates, houses, cottages, country-yards, etc., are genuine dog-houses? If animals, and particularly

XVI.

Well," he replied, "when these absurd codes

were made, I do not know what contingencies (the moment to say epidemic) attacked the writers, and we have been overwhelmed with codes. Politeness, goodmannism, the theatre, honest people, women, indentity, the colonies, the administration, each has had its code. Then the doctrine of fiscal science ruled this mass of works, by teaching that codification (see the Organ) was a special science. Perhaps the competitor was deceived, and did not read correctly codification, from code, tell. But what matters it!"

"I ask you," he added, stopping one of his horses, and taking him by the button, "is it not a general rule that the life of elegance has not found favor among all this world of writers and thinkers? The handbooks, even those about the country, the municipality, and the town, are they not stupid in comparison, with a foolish upon foolish? Is not the publication of the principles which render life poetic of great utility? If in the country the majority of our farms, estates, houses, cottages, country-yards, etc., are genuine dog-houses? If animals, and particularly

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[Copied, by special permission, from "Vanity Fair," Oct. 18.]

The Prince's Ball.

BY EDMUND C. STEDMAN.

PART I.

THE PRINCE'S PROGRESS.

O Haven't you heard how an English Prince, prince,
prince,
How an English Prince, not three months since,
Came sailing, singing, dancing along,
True American friends among?
To him I dedicate this song.
By leave of the British Lion.

Oh haven't you heard how an English Duke, duke, duke,
How an English Duke his home forsook?
How, leaving his high old castle,
Newcastle came with the other two,
Prince of Wales and Lord Balfour?
Here are grandees three, it seems to me!
Add them up, how many there be:
And while you're trying the knot to undo,
I'll give you the rest of my psalms.

Maldens were saying, long before
He came in sight of a Yankee shore,
That all the princesses of fairy rhyme,
Voyaging 'once upon a time,'
Never compared with this Island Prince:
His lips were as brown;

As Prince Charming's own;

When he spoke, his tone
Was nice to hear, as that of the bird,
To which Prince Regis was cruelly turned
By the spell his magical rival learned;
He had just enough of the rite in youth
To make him a Prince of the first rank, and, south,

Not soft to make him frightened;
Prince Valiant himself was not braver;
And as to his face—I here give place
To my artist and engraver:

If they half do their duty by his beauty,
You'll own his face is delightful.

In the mom of a warm midsummer day,
The royal party made their way;

Where ships, not far from Fortmouton bar,
Lay trimmed and ready for starting;

Victoria's cheek His Highness kissed,
Heartily shook the Cowper's fist,

Gave sister Anna's nose a twist;
And so got through with the parting.

Part One—The Royal Fleet,

Waft, breezes, waft the sweet

Young Prince, and don't be forward—

As you are, say

In the Biscay Bay;

For the gold & bits of the Prince's crest

That hanes at the Hause's peak;

Forward! forward! royally toward

The long, long ocean;

And the distant land we seek!

But down, down, beneath the waves,
To the ocean-nymphs' and Undines' caves,

'Twas telegraphed that a mortal Prince
Was crossing the broad Atlantic waters:

No strange a thing had not happened, since
Prince Fido said over the Northern Sea

And was called off by the Lord's daughters:

(You all know that, I trust;

If you haven't you must):

You'll find it in Thomas' Epistles;

Then O, what a wonder the bluffs below!

For even great Neptune's Queen herself

Came up for a sight of the young Gurus;

One by one, the Nereid race,

Nymph, and mermaid, and water-fay,

To catch a glimpe of his handsome face,

They all swam to the Hause's peak,

Lifting themselves on their dolphin tails,

Parting their hair with fingers fair,

Peering over the vessel's rails,

Splashing, dashing, glances flashing—

Loosing to capture the Prince of Wales!

But straight for the Nova Scotian shore

The squadron bore,

Till, all wet with iceberg frights,

And a tempestuous deluge delights.

It anchored in Halifax harbor.

Here thirty thousand Jonathan Slicks,

Packed together like so many bricks,

Gave Albert Edward no time to 'fix.'

Now the Duke to visit his barber;

Such loyalty never was known before;

Cheering, clapping, and canary's rose;

And still the tumult increased;

Until, by way of crowning the fun,

And showing how such things should be done,

You all have heard, of the Prince of Wales

On his long Canadian journey.

Without countering the newsmongers,

Or gaining the use of a "Howard's" pen

By a special Power of Attorney?

St. John's, Windsor, Quebec, and so on to

Montreal, Ottawa, Kingston, Toronto—

Parliament Houses—Victoria Bridge—

Lakes, and rivers, and mountain-ridges—

Cheers, adieu, ride, and万歲萬歲

Made, noise-yoink, through Orange arches—

All joined together and friend anew,

Then the grand finale.

At the very low rate of a quarter'

And how, by singular transformation,

While, placed in a lofty bower by himself,

On a throne of crimson, the beautiful Gurus

Harden'd the responses to numble.

You have heard how he knighted MARCUS BELGRAVE,

And how, in his fifth year, he made so!

That he went on both known for the records blow;

How, when the Prince washed, each loyalist bought a

Flacon of the costly soap-and-water;

And how a barber grew suddenly rich;

By selling each hair of the handful, which

He shinged down from the Prince's crown.

At the very low rate of a quarter'

And how, by singular transformation,

While, placed in a lofty bower by himself,

On a throne of crimson, the beautiful Gurus

Harden'd the responses to numble.

Three times to each crowd—

Then escaped to the prairies, where game were so plenty,

That, in spite of the very astonishing rust, he

Died in his tent, and he shot more than twenty:

Then, in reward can a sporty train,

Whirled on to the White Horse J. E., and Miss Lane,

Where many grave things were uttered and done,

With all sorts of etiquette-ical fat;

Then there's Richmond, and Baltimore, Pittsburgh,

Porkopolis—

But what are the whole to our grander Metropolis?

I merely name them to skip them all,

And will leave Albert Edward proceeding hence,

While I tell how the Gothamites got up the ball.

PART II.

THE COUNCIL OF FOUR HUNDRED.

Meanwhile, the Lords of the Empire City
Were grafted together, on Church and Change,
Saying—"O what a pity! O what a pity,
For Boole and his crew to be given names;

To bully, bluster, and blunder!"

As one of the sovereign people;

For the first time moving among his mates,

Made his lightning tour of the Northern States;

More quiet than the clock on a steeple;

Drank beer and dined, and never chanced,

At St. Louis, Chicago, and various cities

Whose names are not suited for rhyming in ditties;

From his balcony bowed—

Three times to each crowd—

Then escaped to the prairies, where game were so plenty,

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With all sorts of etiquette-ical fat;

Dramatic Feuilleton.

INSCRIBED TO THE GENERAL PUBLIC.

I fear, General, that I am one of your friend Morris's noisy birds.)

Do you remember the expression? It occurs somewhere in the brigadier's last effort.'

Distracter's noisy birds,

is the exact phrase.

But perhaps you haven't read the thing.

If you haven't, do so.

It's elegant.

The title is 'Cricketasters,' or something of the kind, and you will find it in the last number of the *Le Spy*, in the department usually devoted to Poetry.

Certain evil disposed persons, it appears, have begun pitching into the brigadier's 'songs' and things, and he lights down upon them, to imitate his own elegant style, 'like a duck on a June-bug.' And among other wretched things he says of them, is that they

.....post at the ripest fruit.

Which grows upon the tree.

You know the brigadier was always a great friend of the trees. He ordered the woodman to 'spare' them long ago (which they didn't do it), and now he orders the birds to spare them.

But this time it is the fruit-trees.

It seems the 'birds to larceny inclined,' won't let them alone. They never have since they were let out of the ark; and they never will.

We have it on the brigadier's own authority:

In days of old this was the case.

As well as the feathered race,

But mea deum deum,

Diddo-de-dum-pum, diddo-de-dum-pum.

From which it seems, as above stated, that birds are of the feathered race (meaning, probably, the old birds that are caught with chaff); and are also addicted to pecking at ripe fruit; and that, accordingly, some of them have been pecking at the brigadier himself, and have profanely sought to

Desecrate his tree of peace;

Or all the fruits of mind;

Hence he describes them (unmindful of what poor picking they must have had) as

.....destruction's noisy birds.

To Lascivie inclined,

and summons his brother-singers,—whose trees of poesy they have also refused to 'spare,'—not to take any notice of them, but to treat them with silent and song-less contempt; thus:

These birds not ye sons of Song.

Will be read when they are dead,

And to oblige a poe.

Whereupon it appears that the 'myriads yet unborn,' are not expected to read anything in the brigadier's line until they are dead and gone.

Which I should say was a big thing for them.

But, then, I couldn't be expected to say anything better, for I fear, General, as I said at the start, that I am one of the brigadier's 'noisy birds,' who will have my 'peck' at

.....the ripest fruit.

Which grows upon the tree,

and when they may be pretty hard up for reading, etc., they could hardly be expected to take so kindly to your friend Morris.

Now being one of the 'noisy birds,' aforesaid—and this was what I was going to remark when I commenced writing—I must, even when dealing with the 'ripest fruit' of the stage (Mr. Forrest and Miss Cushman, for instance), act accordingly, even though, by so doing, I betray my ornithological origin, and expose myself to the worst of afflictions (except the dyspepsia) a batch of whining nursery-rythymes.

But, then, General, I am not quite so bad, after all, as these bird-fanciers would imagine.

I see, for example, in both Forrest and Cushman, very great merits; and if I were dealing with poets instead of players, I should say that the brigadier had one merit, at least—to wit, that of showing how verses ought not to be written.

In respect to Forrest, I have distinctly recognized his merits over and again. And it is no more than just say that they are much more obvious in his Lear than in his Hamlet: the former being, without doubt, one of the best pieces of tragic acting ever seen on the American stage; while there is an little doubt, in my mind, that the latter is one of the worst, from the fact of its being throughout, a wretched distortion of the original character.

In respect to Miss Cushman, I have seen her, since my last, in Meg Merrilies, which is said to be her favorite rôle, and in which she certainly exhibits transcendent power—though not, as I think, power of a very high order.

Certainly not power of the first order, since, with all artists of the intense school, she leaves nothing to the imagination.

Like the pre-Raphaelites, she has great faith in literal delineations and strong colors.

There is no mistaking her portraiture, and no forgetting them; but they are too material and coarse. Her Meg Merrilles is painfully so.

I would prefer, for one, to have less fidelity in the matter of dress, feature, and general make-up (in which Miss Cushman is frightfully correct), for the sake of having somewhat more fidelity in the strict matter of characterization.

The letter killish, but the spirit giveth life.'

To get up an effective costume, to make the countenance weird and haggard; to give a hoarse sepulchral tone to the voice; to assume striking and picturesque attitudes, undoubtedly requires more or less talent; but to reveal the motive-power of a character, to disclose its hidden springs, to develop its delicate lights and shades, in a word, to show us, through all the external trappings, the character itself, requires not only talent, but genius.

And herein, I submit, Miss Cushman generally falls.

The same is true of Forrest.

He has great strength, but no delicacy; a fine eye for color, but none for character; a good idea of what is called effect, but scarcely any of genuine art.

Both he and Cushman appeal mainly to the outward ear, and aim to produce strong and immediate sensations.

Accordingly they walk down to the footlights, and summon you to surrender in such terms that if you happen to have weak nerves (as most people have) you are obliged to comply.

Their plan is to take the house by storm; and, truth to say, they do it.

Nine persons in ten who see Cushman's Meg Merrilles, go home and have the nightmare after it.

A good dose of Forrest produces the same effect.

I generally neutralize it, in my own case, by going straight from the theatre to Puff's, and listening to a discussion about something: very likely about dramatic art.

But most people like those sensations. My Giovina told me the other day that she went to the theatre for the sake of being 'stirred up.'

Accordingly, she does upon Cushman and adores Forrest: they are her opus and habess; and the dear child has adored herself so much to them, of late, that she has become as pale as a ghost.

And this is what the Forrest-and-Cushman school go in for; and against which the Subscribers here reluctantly protest.

And to protest against it, among other reasons, because it is grossly unnatural.

No such character as Cushman's Meg Merrilles, or Forrest's Matamona (and they are strikingly alike in some respects), ever lived, or ever could live.

I know they are very powerful stage-characters for all that; but then they are both raving and impulsive lunatics, and if brought before us at all, ought to be brought before us as such.

The same must be said of Forrest's Hamlet, and even—fine as it is in some respects—of his Lear.

It just occurs to me, General, in corroboration of much that I have said in respect to both Forrest and Cushman, that their style of acting is easily imitated (not equalled of course) by the commonest kind of people.

I have heard imitations of them both in the street, and in low concert-rooms, which were positively startling.

To me, this proves that the artifices to which they resort and upon which they mainly rely, are essentially vulgar; for sure the imitators hit upon them most salient and characteristic points.

I may overstate this view of the case, but it strikes me as having a good deal of force; for I have often had occasion to notice that whatever can be imitated with much success—especially by the vulgar—is at best a mere mannerism or dodge.

And the worst of all stage mannerisms and dodges is that, like the jokes and tricks of the circus, they continue substantially the same from generation to generation: so that when you imitate any one celebrated actor or actress, you really imitate the celebrated actors and actresses of half-a-century.

All which being interpreted, General, means that I don't like Cushman much more than I like Forrest, and that, therefore, not having the fear of brigadiers or bird-fanciers before my eyes, I just up and say so.

I beg to say, however, for the consolation of the afflicted; that I have just received a letter from a young man of a dramatic turn, informing me that I 'don't know nothing whatever about acting or actors,' and that he (who does know nothing about them, and has written several plays in proof of it) wishes I would 'dry up.'

The immediate grievance of the youth is that in my last Feuilleton I said that Mr. De Walden's 'Aileen Arrow' was the best play that had been produced this season.

And that, too, right in face of 'Playing with Fire,' the youth considers to be 'one of the best five-act comedies ever written,' on which will be read (as the brigadier would have put it) when we have

.....De Walden's dead
.....Add to oblige a gen.

Now I won't quarrel with my juvenile friend about 'Playing with Fire,' because it is really a very clever piece, and (for a comedy) a very amusing one; but I have just spent another evening at Laura Keene's, and can only say that I am confirmed in the opinion expressed last week, both in respect to 'Aileen,' and the company that are so skilfully performing it.

And I have not heard any one who was worth listening to, express a different opinion.

Nevertheless, rather than give offence, I will not dwell upon the subject—not, in fact, upon any other, just now—but take my leave, with the simple suggestion, that my young friend, like most people of his class, would do well to take a few lessons in manners, and leave the drama, for the moment, to take care of itself.

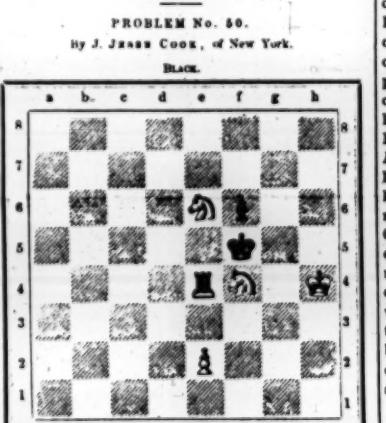
Not doubting, General, that you agree with me at least in this, I remain

Yours, about as much as ever,
QUELQU'UN.

Chess Column

Oct. 13, 1860.

The New York Saturday Press.
PROBLEM NO. 50.
By J. JEAN COOK, of New York.



In the following game (hitherto unpublished, we believe), Mr. H. H. H. gives his Queen's Knight to another Rook player:

Mr. H. H. H. 1. Qf3—h3 2. Qg3—h3 3. Qf3—h3 4. Qg3—h3 5. Qf3—h3 6. Qg3—h3 7. Qf3—h3 8. Qg3—h3 9. Qf3—h3 10. Qg3—h3 11. Qf3—h3 12. Qg3—h3 13. Qf3—h3 14. Qg3—h3 15. Qf3—h3 16. Qg3—h3 17. Qf3—h3 18. Qg3—h3 19. Qf3—h3 20. Qg3—h3 21. Qf3—h3 22. Qg3—h3 23. Qf3—h3 24. Qg3—h3 25. Qf3—h3 26. Qg3—h3 27. Qf3—h3 28. Qg3—h3 29. Qf3—h3 30. Qg3—h3 31. Qf3—h3 32. Qg3—h3 33. Qf3—h3 34. Qg3—h3 35. Qf3—h3 36. Qg3—h3 37. Qf3—h3 38. Qg3—h3 39. Qf3—h3 40. Qg3—h3 41. Qf3—h3 42. Qg3—h3 43. Qf3—h3 44. Qg3—h3 45. Qf3—h3 46. Qg3—h3 47. Qf3—h3 48. Qg3—h3 49. Qf3—h3 50. Qg3—h3 51. Qf3—h3 52. Qg3—h3 53. Qf3—h3 54. Qg3—h3 55. Qf3—h3 56. Qg3—h3 57. Qf3—h3 58. Qg3—h3 59. Qf3—h3 60. Qg3—h3 61. Qf3—h3 62. Qg3—h3 63. Qf3—h3 64. Qg3—h3 65. Qf3—h3 66. Qg3—h3 67. Qf3—h3 68. Qg3—h3 69. Qf3—h3 70. Qg3—h3 71. Qf3—h3 72. Qg3—h3 73. Qf3—h3 74. Qg3—h3 75. Qf3—h3 76. Qg3—h3 77. Qf3—h3 78. Qg3—h3 79. Qf3—h3 80. Qg3—h3 81. Qf3—h3 82. Qg3—h3 83. Qf3—h3 84. Qg3—h3 85. Qf3—h3 86. Qg3—h3 87. Qf3—h3 88. Qg3—h3 89. Qf3—h3 90. Qg3—h3 91. Qf3—h3 92. Qg3—h3 93. Qf3—h3 94. Qg3—h3 95. Qf3—h3 96. Qg3—h3 97. Qf3—h3 98. Qg3—h3 99. Qf3—h3 100. Qg3—h3 101. Qf3—h3 102. Qg3—h3 103. Qf3—h3 104. Qg3—h3 105. Qf3—h3 106. Qg3—h3 107. Qf3—h3 108. Qg3—h3 109. Qf3—h3 110. Qg3—h3 111. Qf3—h3 112. Qg3—h3 113. Qf3—h3 114. Qg3—h3 115. Qf3—h3 116. Qg3—h3 117. Qf3—h3 118. Qg3—h3 119. Qf3—h3 120. Qg3—h3 121. Qf3—h3 122. Qg3—h3 123. Qf3—h3 124. Qg3—h3 125. Qf3—h3 126. Qg3—h3 127. Qf3—h3 128. Qg3—h3 129. Qf3—h3 130. Qg3—h3 131. Qf3—h3 132. Qg3—h3 133. Qf3—h3 134. Qg3—h3 135. Qf3—h3 136. Qg3—h3 137. Qf3—h3 138. Qg3—h3 139. Qf3—h3 140. Qg3—h3 141. Qf3—h3 142. Qg3—h3 143. Qf3—h3 144. Qg3—h3 145. Qf3—h3 146. Qg3—h3 147. Qf3—h3 148. Qg3—h3 149. Qf3—h3 150. Qg3—h3 151. Qf3—h3 152. Qg3—h3 153. Qf3—h3 154. Qg3—h3 155. Qf3—h3 156. Qg3—h3 157. Qf3—h3 158. Qg3—h3 159. Qf3—h3 160. Qg3—h3 161. Qf3—h3 162. Qg3—h3 163. Qf3—h3 164. Qg3—h3 165. Qf3—h3 166. Qg3—h3 167. Qf3—h3 168. Qg3—h3 169. Qf3—h3 170. Qg3—h3 171. Qf3—h3 172. Qg3—h3 173. Qf3—h3 174. Qg3—h3 175. Qf3—h3 176. Qg3—h3 177. Qf3—h3 178. Qg3—h3 179. Qf3—h3 180. Qg3—h3 181. Qf3—h3 182. Qg3—h3 183. Qf3—h3 184. Qg3—h3 185. Qf3—h3 186. Qg3—h3 187. Qf3—h3 188. Qg3—h3 189. Qf3—h3 190. Qg3—h3 191. Qf3—h3 192. Qg3—h3 193. Qf3—h3 194. Qg3—h3 195. Qf3—h3 196. Qg3—h3 197. Qf3—h3 198. Qg3—h3 199. Qf3—h3 200. Qg3—h3 201. Qf3—h3 202. Qg3—h3 203. Qf3—h3 204. Qg3—h3 205. Qf3—h3 206. Qg3—h3 207. Qf3—h3 208. Qg3—h3 209. Qf3—h3 210. Qg3—h3 211. Qf3—h3 212. Qg3—h3 213. Qf3—h3 214. Qg3—h3 215. Qf3—h3 216. Qg3—h3 217. Qf3—h3 218. Qg3—h3 219. Qf3—h3 220. Qg3—h3 221. Qf3—h3

[From 'The Dial,' for October.]

AB URBE.

Farewell to Traffic's ceaseless stir,
To crowded throngs and hurrying feet;
To-day, a woodland worshipper,
I hold with Pan communion sweet.

Farewell to smirking fraud and trick,
To Fashion's diplomatic smile;
To-day the meadow-blooms are thick,
And kiss the ruyale mile on mile.

Farewell to social feuds and hate,
To senseless forms of etiquette;
Miss Lily does not scold nor pride,—
I find at home Miss Violet.

Farewell to Love's bewitching spells,
To lightnings from coquettish eyes,—
From out the bushy nooks and dens
A thousand amorous forms arise.

Farewell to quack and demagogue,—
I want no tickets, potions, pills!
An hour's seat on this money log,
In the fair air, cure all my ill.

The elm-tree, maple, birch, and pine,
I make with words sincerely meant;
Columbus-like I sail, and find
The newer, better continent.

(From 'The Independent,' Oct 11th.)

THE ITALIAN SCHOOLS OF PAINTING.

BY WILLIAM PAGE.

[We have the pleasure, this week, of introducing to our readers a new contributor, whose name will be recognized as that of one of the most distinguished of American artists. Mr. Page recently returned to this country after a prolonged residence abroad, and has now permanently established himself in this city, in the 'Studio Building' on Tenth street.—Eze. FROSTER.]

Raphael and the Pre-Raphaelites.

The schools of design of Rome and Florence are better known to us and to the world in general than the Venetian and Bolognese schools—and for this among other reasons, that—as in the fable of the Man and the Lion, the man told the story, and the lion lacked his own historian. So did the Southern schools take upon themselves to tell how superior their artists were to their Northern rivals. It remains for us to question and compare these claims by a light which they did not possess, and in a freedom from bias that perhaps could not have belonged to either party, warped as their judgment must have been by the prejudices of each particular school.

Had, in common with the majority of artists of the present day, been in the habit of yielding to Raphael, without question, the credit of having almost invented that elaborate system of design and composition, which culminated in the famous Cartoons—the remains of which are still possessed by the British Government, and to be seen at Hampton Court. But so far from this being the case, it is at great an effort as it would be to suppose that he had found in nature that pure standard of beauty, which led him in the forms of single figures to the high degree of excellence which he attained; when in truth Ghilberti, in his famous Gates of the Baptistry at Florence, furnishes his most needed lesson in that kind of composition, as the Greek sculptures gave the forms by and through which he ever interpreted the nature around him. Neither are we to forget the little Chapel of the Carmelites in the same favored city, where both Michael Angelo and Raphael studied their arts, and in presence of whose frescoes the nasal cartilage of the former gave way under the heavy hand of Terrigiano; where the latter borrowed not only single figures, but ideas that served him through life, and drank in that ambrosial nectar which made him to be called the Divine; in short, where a contemplation of the works of the forerunner of the greatest master of design, 'that great soul gone before'—that youthful Massachio, opened his eyes to a finer appreciation of the higher shades of expression, and taught him to boldly dare such touches of nature, as the possibility of which had not before dawned upon the thought of this most promising pupil of the renowned Perugino.

It was here that he caught the idea of that admirable figure in the 'Paul preaching at Athens,' of lighting so intently as to close the eyes that external objects might not disturb the deep absorption of his thought in the discourse of that eloquent disciple; for in the fresco of Massachio the boy restored to life by St. Peter, there are one or more figures standing by, whose eyes are closed in a devout thanksgiving at the miracle vouchsafed to them. And this idea was happily taken to a still more appropriate use in the above-mentioned cartoon of Raphael; and here, too, on one side of the chapel, stands the figure of Peter rescued from prison by the angel, which served in the same Cartoon, by the addition of a hand and arm, for the famed figure of Paul himself. Thus do we see how well his school was prepared to furnish materials, in various departments, and how ready he was to avail himself of all the world contained, employing many hands in making drawings of all those of the best in art, ancient and modern—not like some of the present day, who pride themselves in ignorance of what has been done before, and hope for originality in their own works, through not knowing the works of others. Raphael used the excellencies already achieved in art as stepping-stones to further development of his own. Every problem worked out by others he seized upon, saving thus both time and labor—securing the advantage of many lives in adopting the results of their labors, and acting from these as if self-derived, his own, or whoever could understand and use them. Thus he became the man of his school, who from all its excellencies gathered enough to make it, and the world through its teachings, to accept him as its great example and the full-grown complement of all that had gone before—the coming man—come indeed.

How does this example compare with the school of this day, which seeks the excellence of Raphael in aping the schools before his time; or where would have been his excellence had he assumed the style of Cimabue, or Giotto, and there stuck, and worked his thirty-seven years of life away—doing less than he knew, instead of striving in himself to take the one step, not only beyond his own proper master, but beyond all known masters of his time—using their very aspirations, often only feebly foreshadowed in their pictures, as sure guides to a sure science in his hands? All these true men truly did the very best they knew, and when they saw or heard of other best beyond their own, adopted it, or at least strove for it, with a hearty pressing forward toward the very highest—forgetting the things behind—the sure way of not being forgotten themselves.

Let any one who has visited the present French Academy at Rome know also as the Villa Medici, recall to mind some of the fragments of marbles, built into its rear walls; he cannot but remember the piece of base-relief representing an ancient sacrifice, which once, with other beautiful sculptures, graced the Arch of Trajan, afterwards torn to pieces and vandalized to glorify the pretensions of Constantine, whose Arch near the Coliseum rather disgraces his memory by the admixture of the barbarous sculptures of his own time with the works of a former and better age of art, if not of honesty. Let the observer remark how wholly this relief has been used in the Cartoon of Paul at Lystra endeavoring to save those wicked heathen from worshipping himself and his companion as gods, and rending his garments before them in token of horror at their senseless proceeding. This corresponds with whatever we know of this truly great artist, who wherever he could find the best material, used it to his own—choosing that as the only starting-point worthy of himself; and his power was shown in adding something of his own to serve as a cement to all these diverse parts; and as in the washing of the Italian sea, the resistance is often found to be greater in the mortar than in the other materials of which those mighty ruins of masonry are composed, so do the works of Raphael hold their relations of part to part, and resist unfeebly the wear of time, where he has supplied his own in riveting the materials of others.

Let us here again glance at the school that would seek to establish itself in our own day, by assuming a stand-point which is not its own, and pretending an ignorance which is not its real condition—discrediting the laws of perspective, which to-day is a science, and pretending a simplicity which, however becoming to the infancy of art, 'sewling and pinning in its nurse's arms,' is now no longer worthy of the times in which we live. If the good old fathers of art stood their saints and heroes on the points of their pointed toes, they did so because they had not learned the law by which a man's feet set squarely on the ground can be made to appear so in the picture; and the only reason and excuse for not drawing them properly was their ignorance, and the only way to follow in their footsteps now without incurring a just censure must be a like ignorance, which cannot be assumed with an appearance of truth so long as the steps attained in art are manifest before us in the admirable works of that master who furnishes the after to their before.

In the above-named Gates of Ghilberti, we see a series of designs extending in their subjects through the Old Testament and into the New, expressed in reliefs, representing extensive compositions of group after group seen in perspective, and evidently the result of a study of the ground plan—that is, of the places occupied on the ground plane by the different groups and figures of each group—their nearness or remoteness expressed by their greater or less magnitude, with their back, front, and side views given in all the variety of nature, together with the various actions and expressions of life, as an appropriate rendering of the historic events portrayed. And the greatest judgment is seen to have been used in placing each object, whether group of figures, animals, woods, gardens, cities, rocks, altars, or whatever else was required, either to tell the stories, or to add a poetic phase to the scenes; and moreover, they are all seen as from one stand-point—that is, each compartment is presented to the eye of the spectator as though he stood at a given distance from the tablet and saw the whole under an influence of greater or less distance, according to the importance of the parts represented; and these parts are not dropped in as if by chance, as was the custom of the earlier painters, but each object and circumstance is well considered in reference to all the other objects and circumstances of the occasion, and placed in an appropriate order and relation, such as made the whole interesting and picturesque, worth to be studied by such a beginner as Raphael, and furnished him with a high standard of pictorial representation at a time of his life when he was ready to seize the advantages offered to his keen apprehension—enabling him to perfect his own facilities by a contemplation of like faculties well exercised in a kindred art.

But a study of these beautiful Gates was by no means certain to produce a like effect in all minds, for to Angelo no less than to Raphael had been furnished an opportunity of studying them to his heart's content—and we see how deeply he was moved by their excellent beauty in his saying they were worthy to the gates of Paradise; and yet the pell-mell and confusion-worried of his great picture of the Last Judgment in the Sistine Chapel, prove too well, if not unbecoming their influence, yet how unadvisable of order it had passed over his soul, and left him still a designer of single figures, without the power of combining and conducting a great whole formed of many parts, by those laws of order, and harmony of relation, which make the distinctive characteristics of both Ghilberti and Raphael. The latter, too, had learned how important it was in studying from nature to make his first drawings of such a size as would enable him, at arm's length (the distance at which alone he could work), to sit at once the whole of his drawing, and thus comprehend the proportions of the parts to the whole; or to keep it so far from his eye as would enable him at a glance to take in the extremes of his design, and thus to adjust, compare, and proportion it as accuracy should require; and this could not be done over an extent of more than about eight inches, supposing the length of his arm to have allowed him to work at the distance of two feet from the organ of vision—that being three times the length of great extent of the design—which, according to a law of optics, is the distance from an object required to take in by the eye all its surface at a glance. Raphael, after having made these small drawings with all this intelligence, elaborately wrought and afterwards squared them off by lines, to aid in their enlargement either by himself or by his pupils; and thus mode of procedure furnishes another proof that he sought the greatest truth by any means within his reach, and hesitated not to use the most mechanical processes, if these only promised more accurate results; which again furnishes a lesson to the modern draughtsman, who usually makes his drawings from the life about eighteen inches in height, instead of eight, and thus requires at least a distance of nearly five feet, before he can see his work properly as a whole.

(From the Architects' and Mechanics' Journal.)

SCARCITY OF DWELLINGS IN NEW YORK.

There is something very remarkable about the capricious manner in which capital will sometimes take up or discard certain notions without any apparent regard to their value or worthlessness. We every day see some bogus scheme started, so wild and visionary as to be scarcely capable, any sensible man would think, of entrapping any but the most inexperienced; and yet such a scheme shall have no difficulty in finding many who are anxious to pour their thousands of dollars into it, without the remotest chance of any return. On the other hand, how often do we see something of intrinsic excellence, based upon the unerring law of supply and demand, embodying advantages as manifest as the sun at mid-day, literally bursting, cap in hand, year after year, among capitalists, without finding any one sensible enough to see in its genuine merit. A South Sea bubble will find thousands ready to blow it, who would trust Columbus to a straight jacket for raving of a new world, or chain Galileo for denying that the sun revolves around the earth.

Under the head of unwisely neglected schemes of public improvement, we may safely place that for supplying respectable families of moderate means, not only in New York, but in all our large cities, with convenient houses of cheap rental. We have in former numbers alluded at some length to this subject, and if we are tempted once more to discuss it, it is because we consider it one of the most important which can, at present, engage the attention of our capitalists; and because there is no surer way of bringing a fact to the ultimate appreciation of the public, than by keeping it constantly open for free consideration and discussion. Fortunately we are not in the position of those who would head the stubborn will of the world to some new and untried experiment of our own. The point we have been so strenuously urging for a long time past, and in which we are glad to find we are aided at last by some of our influential contemporaries—'The New York Saturday Press,' 'Independent,' and 'Sun'—is the establishment here of houses built upon a plan that has been found, for ages past, to succeed so well in many of the largest capitals of Europe; a scheme by which families, unable to rent large and expensive located dwellings, shall, by a skilfully designed arrangement of different households under one roof, be kept entirely distinct from each other, as distinct as if each had a separate entrance from the street, and yet, by combination, bring prices down to such a standard as to give a gentleman, unable to pay more than from \$300 to \$500 or \$600 rental, more privacy, comfort, and convenience, in his domestic arrangements than he can now obtain in any other shape whatever. The thing has been done; is in existence elsewhere; and why we should not have followed the example long since that would puzzle any one to reasonably explain. We all know the value of building speculations in general. Every one is aware that if dwelling-houses of the better kind, as now erected, can pay—after deducting the cost of insurance, collection, wear and

PRINCE AND PEOPLE.

BY EDNA BEAN PROCTOR.

Not alone for England's glory, nor for Erin's fable green,
Nor for Scotia's purple mountains, rising dark her locks between.
Nor for gray Gibraltar's fortress looking grandly o'er the sea,
While the Summer waters wester in the languid Afric glow.

Nor for Geogies' sacred river where the holy cities grow.
As the rose Indian morning flushes warm their marble snow.—

Nor for swarthy-hued Australia 'neath the dusky dawn of day,

Golden-haired, in tropic oceans, thine a thousand language may;

Nor for those Canadian forests with their black and towering pines,

In whose wake the swift St. Lawrence down its foaming rapids shines.—

Nor for row of British cannon, nor for gleam of British steel.

Do we offer warmest welcome to the youthful Prince of Wales.

There are rarer realms than kingdoms or the empire of the seas;
And we give our heartfelt greeting for his lighter reign in these!

And of whose radiant virtue dim her brightest diamond's sheen,

And with robe of pure lustre in the woman vail the Queen;

Heir of England's ancient story; born to guide her coming days;

England—motherland of Freedom—waiting for his birth-right ray!

For the memory of the olden, for the hope of things to be—

Liberty and Love and Order over every shore and sea—

Do we chisel his hand with blessing—do we pray that knightly arms

Him we all are proud to honor as the youthful Prince of Wales.

There are rarer realms than kingdoms or the empire of the seas;

And we give our heartfelt greeting for his lighter reign in these!

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Do we chisel his hand with blessing—do we pray that knightly arms

Him we all are proud to honor as the youthful Prince of Wales.

There are rarer realms than kingdoms or the empire of the seas;

And we give our heartfelt greeting for his lighter reign in these!

And of whose radiant virtue dim her brightest diamond's sheen,

And with robe of pure lustre in the woman vail the Queen;

Heir of England's ancient story; born to guide her coming days;

England—motherland of Freedom—waiting for his birth-right ray!

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Heir